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A QUEST ON OF DATES.

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undone.

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#### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE American Protective Tariff League "is unalterably opposed to the creation" of a permanent non-partisan tariff commission. It is of the opinion that such a body would keep

the tariff question in a perpetual state of "re-form" and agitation, and it has published resolutions saying so. Were a nonpartisan body to be vested with the responsibility of revising the tariff, there is no telling the damage that might be done. Just when a group of powerful interes's had perfected a combination, not in restraint of trade, of course, for that would be against the law, "a gentlemen's agreement" merely - just then, per-haps, would their particular tariff commission. The League "is satisfied" with the tariff commission which already exists. And this, it naively explains, is the Congress of the United States. The League has good reason to be satisfied.

CUBA need not be discouraged, even if her second attempt at home Ourselves do not know much about the Science of government, and the men we send to Washington are, with here and there a possible exception, as ignorant of economics as the famous Matanzas mule.

"THE beautiful monogamy of the better-class fox." - Announcement in "The Century."

Every magazine, it would seem, has a paresis department these

IF CARRIE NATION, who is now in England, plans to chop out all

of London's wickedness, she had better drop in at the Tower armory and swap her hatchet for a battle axe, a mace and a two-edged sword.

V My last word to the Filipinos is that until a great majority of the citizens are prepared to use the franchise intelligently the best future of the islands lies in the hands of the United States. — Governor-General Smith to the Filipinos.

NEVER before have there been so, many voters in the. community who knew what they were voting for. — Governor Hughes to the Lotos Club.

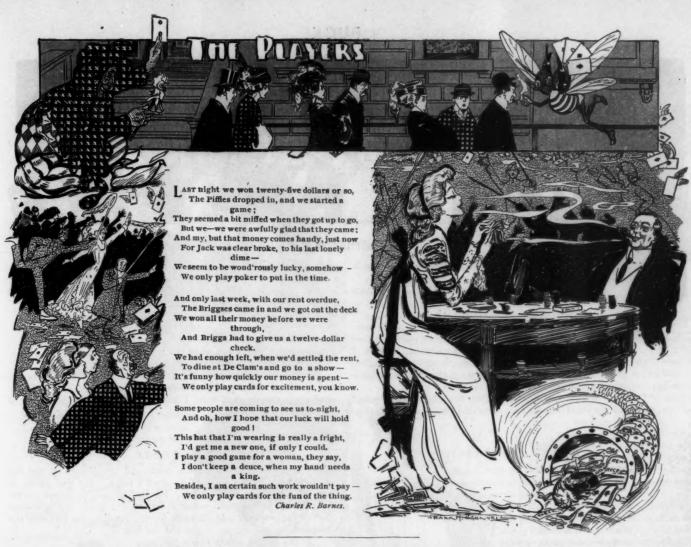
It seems that the citizens of the United States are still learning to use the franchise intelligently; so you may figure out how many centuries must elapse before the child-like Filipinos arrive at years of discretion.

IF THEODORE HAD CROSSED THE DELAWARE.

> non-partisan tariff commission might in-spire or inflict. It might "agitate" in favor of a low tariff on all classes of goods that are controlled by monopolies, unmindful of the words of the late Senator Hanna that there are no monopolies in this country. It might "agitate" in a most disturbing manner for a reduction of the tariff on foodstuffs and raw materials which now so tend to increase the cost of living. It might even suggest through agitation that tariff reduction would be a more just way to check Uncle Sam's deficit than to restore Spanish war taxes, as has been proposed. In fact, being nonpartisan in character, such a commission might go to the extreme length of recognizing the existence of "the consumer," than which there is no more pernicious form of tariff agitation known. Let it not be thought, however, that the Protective Tariff League is opposed to tariff commissions in general. Not so, It is simply opposed to a non-partisan tariff



WHEN WASHINGTON RETIRED. A CONTRAST IN TEMPERAMENTS.



#### A LITTLE FAIRY TALE.

NCE there was a man who had many millions of dollars. He painted in oils and in water colors, wrote poetry, played the

painted in oils and in water colors piano beautifully, motored well, and was a master at golf. He did everything admirably. Nothing gave him any trouble, and this made him dissatis-

fied.
"Other people have trouble," complained he.
"Why not I?"

"Perhaps someone may die," suggested his friends, "and make you executor. Bequeath you trouble, so to speak."

But nobody did.

Again the man took counsel of his friends.

"How may I acquire trouble?" demanded he.

"You will have to borrow it," they declared. "There seems to be no other way."

"Very well," assented the man. "To whom shall I apply?"

"To a trouble broker."

So he went to the largest firm of trouble brokers in town, sent in his card, and was politely received by the eighth vice-president.



TRINITY'S NEXT MOVE.

SHADE OF OLD NEW YORKER.—Tis passing tough. I tell ye, after one has slept in his grave for over a century, to be routed out, tombstone and all, in this unseemly manner.

STILL OLDER SHADE.—True, Brother, but Broadway property is valuable, and Trinity, you must remember, was maintaining us at a loss.

"I want to borrow trouble," said the man, coming to the point at once without an instant's delay.

"Very good, sir. What insecurity have you to offer?"

"Insecurity?"

"Exactly."
"I have none."

"Health and appetite good?"

"Both perfect."

"Family matters tranquil?"

"As a mill-pond."

"All your investments on a sound, paying basis."

"Absolutely."

"I am truly sorry," explained the eighth vice-president, "but I really cannot loan trouble without some

And the man was bowed out. He sought other trouble brokers, and brought great social and political pressure to bear, but to no avail. So he denounced everybody, sulked savagely, and was a parlor socia-

list forever after.
Will S. Adkins

R Shall I handle this mad dog story?
CITY EDITOR. — Make it snappy.



ladies in this present abode. I go with the lease."

"It's a wonder you never married some boarding-house Venus."

dislike for giblet stew. I have outlasted the fortunes of four land-

"One of the kind, hey, that consumes two hours at her Sunday-

it may be, yet effectively, none the less."

"And that was your only romance?"

"It was. I am now going into the parlor to smoke my seegar, and if any of them parlor socialists that think they have a better and if any of them parlor socialists that think they have a better right to the parlor than what I have want to make a face about it let 'em do their worst." Will S. Adkins.

#### SONNET OF SONNETEERING.

NTO the precincts of my mind, one day, A thought, by chance, there strays, and though so small I scarce am sure it is a thought at all, By poet's frenzy strongly seized, straightway I hands of violence on that thoughtlet lay, Nor scruple I afoul of it to fall, Haply to make that thing which critics call A sonnet. And if anyone shall say I've failed, let him behold how rhymes each line,-Two, three and six with seven, and with one, Four, five and eight, so prettily 'tis done, Eleven with ten, and also twelve with nine.



#### MIND OVER MATTER.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST (trying it on) .- How does it fit? His Tailor.-Perfect! An elegant garment, Mr.-er-CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—So it is. I'm delighted with it.

#### THE WINNER.

FFF BARNES sat on the worm fence and idly jabbed at the top rail with the big blade of his pocket knife. He was trying to think of something else to offer. He had already promised everything which he imagined might count with a girl. But evidently none of his promises had counted, for she received his last with the same baffling, teasing laugh she did the first

At the end of a corn row a half mile down the valley Hank Smith leaned between his plow handles and tried to think of a brand new promise. So far, he could think of nothing under the sun except the moon and planets which he had not already promised. Yet in return she had never promised him even the least little hope. To all his offers she only laughed elusively and looked quizically at him from the corners of her eyes.

Hank and Jeff were both in love with Nancy Collins and had been for two years. Hank took her to church

Sunday, Jeff to a picnic Thursday.

Jeff drove her to a Sundayschool basket dinner Sunday, Hank paid for the ice cream and sponge cake at the social Tuesday evening.

Each proposed every time

he was with her, and promised to be, do, give, or allow something that would add to her happiness. It was a new promise when he could think of one, when he could not, the old ones were used again. At these times Nancy did not shut her lips tightly, stamp her foot, and forbid further mention of the subject. She laughed, a half earnest, elusive sort of laugh, and seemed pleased, as indeed she was. The fact is, Nancy loved both of them, and nothing either did or said helped her decide which she wanted.

Now that each of the young men felt he had done his best, looked his best, begged his hardest, and promised his utmost, yet had not won, he grew desperate.

Hank, between the handles of his plow, counted the cost should he hide beside the road with his Winchester and "get him;" finally concluding that blood on his hands would more likely make Nancy faint away from him than toward him.

Jeff on the top rail of the worm fence wondered should he buy his neighbor's farm if Hank would go away and leave the field clear; but it occurred to him that Hank might take Nancy along,



LOVE IS ALSO DEAF.

#### HYPNOTISM FOR INSOMNIA.



UNDER THE INFLUENCE.

and thus leave him two farms to live on and nothing to live for. At last Barnes went to

Smith. "Hank, we have got to

come to an understanding."
"I'm agreeable." Hank's tone suggested the sweetness of a saw file.

"Let's settle it some way," proposed Jeff.

"I'm agreeable." Same

"But how to do it is the question?" Jeff was puzzled. tion?" Jeff was puzzled.
"Yes, that's the question."

"The best man ought to win," declared Jeff.

"Yep."

Then they discussed a long time what was the best man whether the fellow who could whip, run fastest, work the most, had the most money, or the fewest sins to his credit. "Seems to me," finally concluded Jeff, "the best man is the one that can make her happiest." Hank admitted the truth of this. "But how will we decide that?"

"Let us leave it to Aunt Margaret," proposed Jeff. Aunt Margaret was the great aunt of both.

Margaret was the great aunt of both—the young men being second cousins. The old lady was the family counselor for all the Smiths and Barneses. She had enough Scotch blood to give her a blunt tongue, and enough Irish to give her a sharp wit.

It was so agreed. They would lay the case before Aunt Margaret and abide her decision.

"I have a good farm and can give her plenty," said Jeff. "So have I," said Hank.

"I have promised her she shall have a hired girl all the time," continued Jeff, "and will never have to work unless she wants to."

"So have I," nodded Hank. "Sure that's a lie for both of you"—and the old lady laughed derisively. "If she marries either of you she'll be doin' her own house work and tendin' the pigs and chickens and garden before

"I promised to buy her just all the pretty dresses and hats she

wants," said Hank.
"I did too," put in Jeff.
Again the old lady laughed. "Whichever she is fool enough to marry, she'll be turnin' her weddin' dress the next five years so as to be decent when she goes to meetin'."

"I've told her I will never speak cross nor be in a bad temper

when things go wrong," announced Jeff. "And I promised never to complain if the victuals are burnt," added Hank.

The old lady shook her head. "She'd have to use the mop on either of you." And many other things which they had promised, as many as they could remember, they told the old lady.

"You have both been promisin' lies," she said with the frankness of a relative, "and I won't decide betwixt you. You ain't neither one good enough for any girl; but the poorest one of you is the best Nancy is likely to get; so begone with you, and settle your own troubles."

Hank went his way very angry, for he had made all his promises in good faith and meant to keep them -every one.

Jeff went away thoughtful for he was honest with himself. He meant the promises when he made them, but now he saw the old lady was right, he would not keep them.

Then he remembered that peculiar laugh of Nancy's when he promised things. If Aunt Margaret knew he was lying—yes, that was it—Nancy knew too.

If he could only think of something to promise that he would really do—yes, there was one thing he had always done, and he would, really and truly, continue to do. He could promise that honestly.

He whipped up his horses.

twilight when he reached Nancy's home. The girl was sitting on the

edge of the porch.
"Nancy," he said when he sat close beside her, "if you will have me, right after supper every Saturday evening I'll hitch up and take you to town to hear the band concert."

The next day everybody heard in the strictest confidence that Nancy Collins and Jeff Barnes were to be married.

Wlliam H. Hamby.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The stammering statesman stood up And to offer a toast raised his cup, But although "President" Was the word that he meant He could only say "Pup—pup pup—pup—"



COMING OUT.

#### FAR-SEEING.

James," protested the father, "what do you mean by boring holes into that big tree?"
"Father, I'm a benefactor,"

said the boy, giving his augur a few more vicious turns. "I'm making knot-holes in baseball fences for poor boys."



OVER THE INFLUENCE.



HIS FIRST LONG PANTS.

AS IT SEEMED TO WILLIE, THE WEARER.

#### WHY AXLEGREASE WENT UP.

HE great axlegrease magnate, after spending the day in the court-room in the delectable process of being investigated, had retired, utterly fatigued. His fond wife, however, was in a more wakefully reminiscent mood.

"Josiah," she asked, "isn't to-morrow our silver anniversary?"

"I do not remember," answered the drowsy magnate.

Mrs. Plenticoigne frowned. "I don't suppose

you even know when we were married, do you?"
"I really do not know," murmured the magnate, absently.

"You monster!" cried Mrs. Plenticoigne, thoroughly aroused. "Do you know to whom you are talking?"

"On that point, my mind is a perfect blank,"

replied the half-asleep magnate.

Mrs. Plenticoigne arose in the bed. "Am I your loving wife or a fool?" she demanded.
"I really can throw no light upon the question,"

answered the millionaire.

The next day she was awarded a divorce and \$2,000,000 alimony, so that it was necessary to raise the price of axlegrease throughout the land.

#### A LITTLE MATTER OF FRANKING.

What can I do for you to-day, Senator?" inquired the urbane

Bing City postmaster.
"Oh, nothing much," answered Senator Pluribus, easily. "I merely desire to have my coal-house, my sectional book-cases, my blue-ribbon Jersey cow, my wife's kitchen cabinet, my daughter's upright piano, my little son's Shetland pony, my mother-in-law's Morris chair and my secretary's winter supply of cordwood franked to Washington. Thank you, very kindly."

#### EVOLUTION IN LAW-MAKING.

ENATOR DEBONAIR was in the gayest mood. His pet measure, extending the publicity provisions of the pure-food and cam-

paign-contribution laws to the make-up of those dainty ornaments to all the world, the ladies, had gone through, with an emergency clause tacked to it, and the Senator was bound for the home of the lady of his choice

for mutual felicitation. After he had waited the customary hour and a half, the lady came down. She had two neatly-lettered placards upon her head, one upon her waist, and a fourth she carried in her little hand. They read, respec-tively: "This hair is three-fourths rat from Canton, China;"

"This stunning complexion composed of equal parts of rouge, whitening and bleachifier;" "This padding consists of eight cambric handkerchiefs and a crash towel," and "This beautiful solitaire

guaranteed to be purest rhinestone." The Senator leaned over, picked a place between the placards and kissed the lady, with a sigh of satisfaction "At last, dear Jeannette, I know what I am getting," he murmured.



B. L. THAN N.

OLD MAN WABBLING .- Jethro, here's the copy of "Sanford and Merton" that I borrowed of ye when we was boys. I'm moving over t' the Old Gentlemen's Home to-morrow. Been intendin' to return the book for quite some time.

#### TWO GARDENS.

O PEOPLE would a garden make, And one was She and one was He; Her plans were made for beauty's sake, His plot, a useful one would be. ey bought the seeds and broke the ground, And then they waited, hoped and feared; He, of his crops would oft expound-Then, those two gardens thus appeared:

The sun came out and warmed the earth, And, nourished by the gentle rains, Her bed of pansies sprang to birth, The other things made rapid gains; The weeks went by, her garden grew, Well paying all her toil and fuss Until, when friends would come to view, She proudly showed it to them, thus:



His useful garden, where he'd worked And fretted, all the springtime through, Was backward, then it flatly shirked, As many well planned gardens do; And when the neighbors came to see, They were not taken out and shown, The climbing bean, the fat green pea-For this is how his plants had grown:

Charles R. Barnes.

#### STORIES AND STORIES.

The plot of a great story is living water out of the springs of reality. The plot of a little story is pumped up with a sensible creaking of machinery, and is after all a thin and sluggish stream, stagnating unless constantly forced.

But the river that sweeps through a great story would wreck such feeble works as the imagination of the cheap and common author may compass. The tank of artificiality whence each may



BILLY POSSUM'S TRIUMPH.

THE POSSUM .- Why have you got it in for me, you old

THE GOAT.—You beat me out of my rightful job as successor to the Teddy Bear, you brat! My name was always Billy!

draw so much as he can comfortably make way for is thus a prac-

tical necessity, if literature is to keep the pulp mills at all busy.

And then, too, there are devices whereby the merest dribbling may be got to simulate, in the ears of the buying mob, the rush of a cataract.

#### IN LOVELYVILLE.

IN LOVELYVILLE, understand, no man may buy land except as he strictly covenants to build thereon a house costing at least Thus poverty is banished at a stroke, together with

all that horde of things evil which follows in poverty's train.

It is true, no doubt, since the greatest of poets says so, that there's a soul of goodness in things evil; and for lack of that, perhaps, Lovelyville grows at length a species of spiritual Sahara, where spiritual savages dwell.

But what do cultivated men and women care for things of the spirit?

As for children, and the difficulty of bringing them up rightly in an environment so cloistered and barren, there is

only the remotest possibility of these troublesome little wretches ever coming in fashion again.

POSSIBLY SO.

SIMPKINS.—That fellow Muggins beats the world on snoring-he runs the

scale on every snore.

Tompkins.—I suppose, then, on second thought, you might call his snoring sheet-



"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS."



LOOKING IT UP.

HIS WIFE (for the third time) .- Why did you marry me? You hear me! Why don't you answer?

HE .- Woman, can't you see that I haven't found the answer yet?

PUCK

THE BRANDING.

#### IN THE CROWD.



ME rub elbows with my fellow man In lusty fellowship amid the throng! 'Tis good to mingle in the fighting van Of Bridge Crush, at the whistles' evensong.

To feel my human brother's short-arm swat.

To feel the tlithe truck o'er my body whirl,

When felled by the blonde, beauteous Psyche-knot Of Edna, the poor candy fact'ry girl.

I like to see the gentle downtown clerk Trample ten women in the manly race To find who first, by dint of jolt and jerk, Shall in the Subway, get the end-seat place. I like to see the glad-eyed business man, Bright from his toil; (What won't his wild glare pierce?);

And hear the words of the sweet shop-goil clan: -"Honest to Gee,"-"Say, listen,"-"Aint he fierce?"

Give me the thick of Life, the soft perfumes Of crowded "L" trains, where, on sturdy strap, Gay millions swing towards happy Harlem rooms, Or gently crash on one another's lap. Give me the lower Broadway rush and jam. Where, like wild surf, the human ocean foams; Each punch, each bump, each dying shriek, each damn But shows how much New Yorkers love their homes

> Next time the Brooklyn platforms overflow And you are pushed off underneath a train, Consider, friend; - the inadvertent blow May have been meant to put you out of pain. I used to be cold-hearted; now I mix -I have to mix (I own without reserves), Ten poultices each night my wounds to fix, And fourteen cocktails to restore my nerves Chester Firkins.



THE COLOR LINE.

#### A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

THE man stared blankly at the long columns of figures on the journal, ledger and cash book open on the desk before him. His hands were clutched to his head-you could see wild desperation in his eye. For perhaps an hour he sat thus - every nerve taut, every fibre tense. But the hour seemed to him a mere minute, for the man was trying to figure some way out. Finally he started up, like one coming out of a dream. Mechanically, with his left hand he drew something from his coat-pocket and laid it on the desk, while with his right he took a pen from the rack

> ing each letter slowly, exactly, he wrote: "DEAR MABEL: -

"I hate to tell you this-I waited a long time before I could decide to do it, but now you must know the worst. I am fifty thousand dollars off, and can't figure it out. I don't know what I shall ever do-it's enough to drive a man crazy. Fifty thousand dollars shortfifty thousand! But, Mabel, thank God it will soon all be to an end. I'm going to quit this course at the darned business college. "Devotedly,

and dipped it in the ink. Then with minute care, form-

"GEORGE." Don Kahn.

#### THE WESTERN WAY.

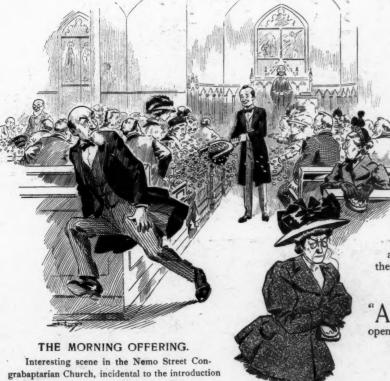
Your delineation of the part of a man under fire is marvelous," declared the manager. "I don't see how you do the thing so naturally.'

"Well," replied Hamdodo J. Ranter, "you see on our recent western tour, if a tableau or a climax was good, the audience shot to show their appreciation; and if it was bad, they shot to express disapproval. It has become a habit."

#### ARISTOCRACY.

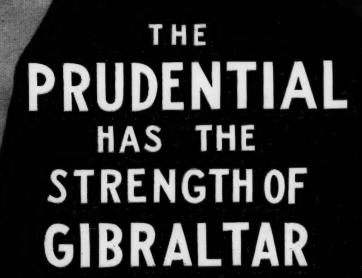
A MONG THE TIARA-WEARERS."—Phrase coined by an Unshackled Press, for the more adequate description of the opening of the Opera Season.

> Of lords and princes hath a poet said, A breath can make them, as a breath had made, -But tiara-wearers, chosen of the gods, Nothing can make them but egregious wads.



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will be sent free if you will write, requesting it, to Dept. P, ca. John F. Dryden, President. Home Office, Newark, N. J.



WINDOW DRESSING.

#### POLITE LUNCHEON CONVERSATION.

IE SCENE.— Any down-town New York restaurant, about I p. m., week-days. Tables surrounded by business men, talking as loudly as possible, when not eating furiously. Enter BILL and JIM, who look around to see if their entrance is sufficiently noticed. Then they sit down.

BILL - How's business, Jim?

JIM. - Rotten. I was saying to a salesman this

BILL (to waiter).—Vealcutletn'mashedpotatoesn' cuppercoffee. Watchergoonerhave, Jim?

JIM.—Same for me, and bring it dam quick.
I'm in a hurry. Got an appointment... half a million . . . put it through . . . (looks around to see if any-

body is impressed).
(Enter Dick, a friend of Bill's.)
Bill.—Aha! there's Dick—ol' frien' of mine—Dick!! I say Dick, you ol' thief, come over here! Lemme introduce you to my frien' Jim Strong - Dick Bluffer.

DICK (loudly). - Pleasedt'meetcher. Sorry to see you in such (This remark is considered indispensable in such bad company. cases.)

-Listen to that, will you? Why, you ol' reprobate, if I

DICK (immensely pleased at hint of capacity for infidelity). -Aw, g'wan. Your stenographer tol' me-

JIM (thinking it time to show appreciation).—Ha, ha!
BILL (louder and louder).—Dam that waiter! (To Jim) Do you know, I took this feller (referring to Dick) all over Europe, and if I should tell you what he did-

DICK (inflated with pride at recollection of Cook tour) .- I-paid

all the bills, you slob.

BILL.— Paid all the bills! Why, you gutter-snipe, you didn't have a cent-

JIM (to show his appreciation of this light touch). - Ha, ha! DICK .- I guess you wasn't paralytic at the Moolin Roudge that

night, eh?
BILL (flattered to death). - Well, how about you, you ol'

DICK (to waiter). - Garsong, bring me a mirrortong of beef

and a carafong of white wine.

BILL (to Dick).—How's business?

DICK.—Rotten.

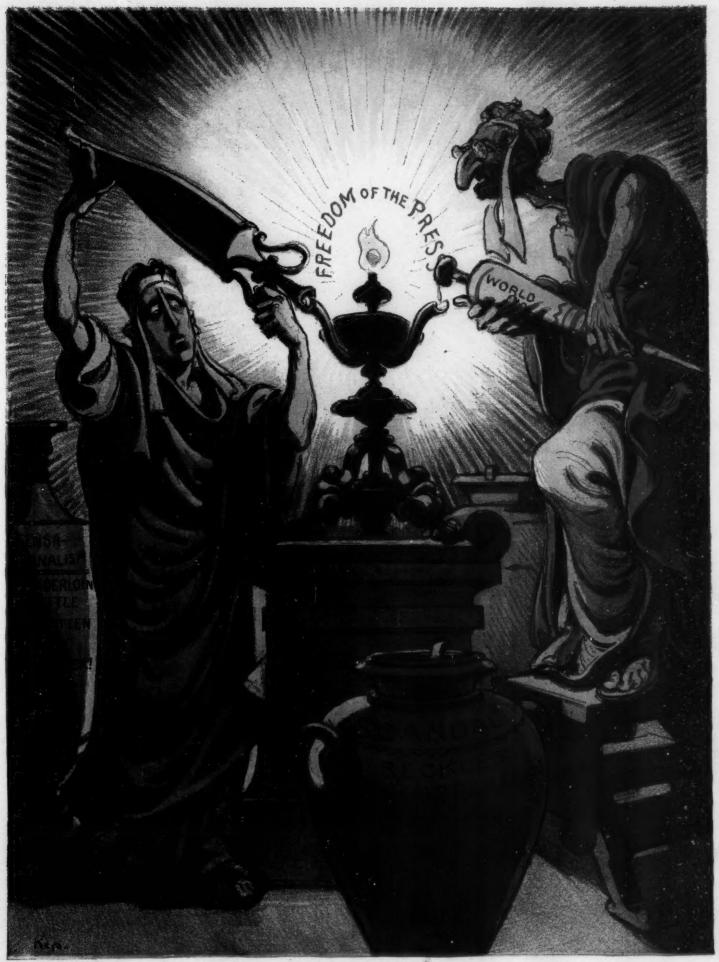
JIM .- Same with me. I was saying to a salesman this morning

BILL.—Here comes the grub. (with elephantine coquettishness)
Yes, Paris had a lot on us, I guess. It sure showed us a few things.

(This breezy interchange continues for some time, whenever the jaws are not otherwise employed. Jim finishes first, grabs his hat and coat and hustles off, after clinking his tip on the table, to make sure nobody thinks him stingy.)

BILL.—He's a goofeller, that Jim. Y'orter know him.

DICK.—Yeh. What'elld'you say his name was?



THE PUCK PRESS

THE HIGH PRIESTS OF THE SACRED FLAME.



(AUTHENTIC VERSION OF THE CHERRY TREE EPISODE.)

R. WASHINGTON. - George, is this your hatchet? GEORGE (examining it intently).—Really, father, I am not able to say positively. It looks like mine, but I cannot - Really, father, I am notwith certainty identify it.

MR. WASHINGTON .- Do you see the incision in the lower portion of the trunk of yon cherry tree?

GEORGE (after minute observation) .- Yes, father.

Mr. Washington.—Was not that incision produced by you through the instrumentality of this hatchet? GEORGE. — I am not in a position to state, father, as the iden-

tity of the hatchet has not been definitely established. Moreover, the incision has not yet been examined by experts to determine the nature of the instrument used to produce the same, nor the time at which it was made. Expert evidence may show that the incision was made with a safety razor, in which case I would be exempt from suspicion, as nobody in this locality possesses Then again, when the exact time at which the deed was committed has been definitely ascertained I confidently expect to prove an alibi.

MR. WASHINGTON.—Neglecting the identity of the hatchet and the other questions you have raised, did you not inflict that incision in the lower portion of the trunk of you cherry tree?

GEORGE.—Yes, I did not. MR. WASHINGTON.—No frivolity sir! Did you or did you not make the incision?

GEORGE. - Really, father, I must refuse to answer. According to law I am not obliged to commit myself.

MR. WASHINGTON. - As America has not as yet become independent, and as I refuse to recognize the application of the laws of England to my private affairs, your objection is not sustained. Moreover you are a

minor, and you will kindly answer my question immediately.

GEORGE (striking an attitude).—Father, if I had inflicted that incision on the lower portion of the trunk of yon cherry tree, I would say I had not inflicted that incision on the lower portion of the trunk of yon cherry tree, but I did not inflict that incision on the lower portion of the trunk of you cherry tree.

Mr. Washington.—Your answer is ambiguous. You will oblige me by saying yes or no.

GEORGE.—And what if I refuse to answer?

MR. WASHINGTON.—In that case I will consider your silence an acknowledgement of guilt and shall be reluctantly compelled to administer suitable chastisement.

GEORGE. - Would you mind repeating the question? I have forgotten its exact wording, and I do not wish to

confess to anything of which I am not guilty.

MR. WASHINGTON.—The question was: Did you inflict that incision on the lower portion of the trunk of you cherry tree.

GEORGE. - Meaning thereby the cherry tree already commended to my attention and observation

MR. WASHINGTON .- Exactly!

GEORGE (striking another attitude). - Father, I cannot commit perjury. I done it!

MR. WASHINGTON (clasping him in his arms). - Noble and truthful boy. You may tell your mother to make cherry pie for dinner. G. H.

#### MISTAKEN DENTITY.

A MAN, breathless from hard and far running, rushed into an insane asylum, and up to an attendant asylum, and up to an attendant.

"One of your inmates - desperate case - just saw him up the

road," he gasped.
"What, one of our bats loose again?" asked the keeper, grabbing his hat, and reaching for a rope. "Yes; and he looked like a mighty violent case, too," said the

stranger. "Wore freak clothes, and set up a crazy howl all the

time. Number one nine one two on his cap." "One nine one

two? Why, that can't be," said the keeper. "The highest we run is five twenty."

"Well I can't help that," insisted the stranger. "He must have been one of your men. Why his head was shaved on one side, his face was stained yellow, and he was yelling at the top of his voice. Why, of course he was a bat. He even had his number on his cap -one nine one two."

"What's that one nine one two?" asked the warden.
"Yep."

"Why, he don't belong here —leastwise he don't stay here," said the keeper. "He stays up yonder at the 'varsity-he's a freshman. That 1912 was his class numerals."

Don Kahn.



HANDING HIM ONE.

MRS. GROWLEY (in the course of the regular weekly scrap) .-You're not coming in the Park, are you, my dear? Don't you see the sign?

s a result of our growth in the finer sensibilities, there are more disgusting things in the world than ever before.



"CON" AMORE.



#### THE FLEET HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Prudential Insurance Company is issuing an artistically beautiful picture of the American battleship fleet steaming away from Gibraltar homeward bound. The picthe American battleship fleet steaming away from Gibraltar homeward bound. The pic-ture is in colors and gives a splendid idea of the beauty and power of the American war-ships. The scene presents the Connecticut, flying the flag of Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry, leading the first division of the fleet past the Rock of Gibraltar. It will inspire even the veriest landlubber who doesn't know a belay-ing pin from a marlinspike. ing pin from a marlinspike.

In a charming letter of travel, published a few months since, William Dean Howells, describing his feelings in approaching Gibraltar, writes:

"There is nothing strikes the traveler in his approach of the Rock of Gibraltar, so much as its resemblance to the trademark of the Prudential Insurance Company. This was my feeling when I first saw Gibraltar four years ago, and it remains my feeling after having last seen it four weeks ago. The eye seeks the bold familiar legend and one suffers a certain disappointment in its absence."

No one will be disappointed in this strong representation of "the bold familiar legend" of The Prudential. As if carved in the face of the Rock, it looks down upon the passing fleet like a message of Godspeed.

The Prudential has also published for free The Prudential has also published for free circulation a most interesting booklet containing separate pictures of each ship in the fleet and giving tonnage, speed, a mament, number of crew, etc. A copy of either this booklet or picture may be had for the asking. Write to The Prudential Insurance Company of America, Newark, N. J., stating which is preferred, or if both are desired state so in your letter.



#### IMPROVING.

"How is your se James getting on at college, Mr. Boggs?" asked the Parson.

"Fine," said Boggs. "He's get-ting more business-

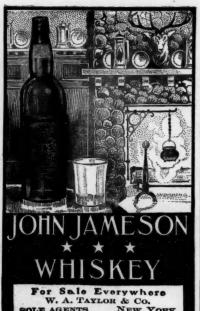
ting more businesslike every day."

"I am glad to hear
that," said the Clergyman. "How does
the lad show it?"

"Well," said
Boggs, "when he
first went up and
wanted money, he
used to write asking
for it. Now he draws
on me at sight."—
Lippincott's Magazine.

ALGY.—Myrtle, what are your ob-jections to marrying

MYRTLE, - I have only one objection, Algy. I'd have to live with you.—Chi-rago Tribune.



#### POTENTIAL.

The country par-son was condoling with the bereft wid-

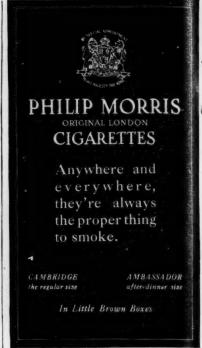
w.
"Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."
— Lippincott's Mag.

#### INSANE.

HOWARD. - He's crazy on the subject of aerial navigation.

HATTIE. — A balloonatic. — Catholic

"You say she is a woman with a past. And does she deny this?" "Only about ten years of it," replied the other.—
Phila. Ledger.



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#### BIBLE STORIES.

THE GRANDMOTHER .- And then God sent the flood upon the wicked people, and it rained continually till all were drowned. And do you know what happened then?

THE CHILD.—Then a relief fund was started.—Jugend.

GOMPERS says that no injunction can make him stop talking. That is, indeed, one defect in the writ.— Exchange.

Mr. Bryan declares that, after one more defeat, he will retire from politics and enter the ministry. But has he not heard of the "ministerial dead-line," beyond which he will have passed if he delays four years? "Why do you wait, dear brother?"—The Evening Post.

A PRIZE of \$10,000 for the man who flies from New York to Albany is like offering a man 10 per cent. of every gold mine he discovers.—Exchange.

#### IS BALDNESS DOOMED?

BALTIMORE SPECIALIST SAYS IT IS UN-NECESSARY, AND PROVES IT.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 16.—The intense interest in the wonderful work that is being accomplished in Baltimore and other cities by William Chas. Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues unabated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remarkable preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's laboratory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popular is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advised to write to Mr. Keene at the Lorrimer Institute, Branch 178 Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and certain improvement.

#### TEN DOLLARS A MILE.

CHAFFEUR (Taximeter Cab) .- You fellers oughter fit out yer hansoms

with taximeters, bo. Why aint yer upterdate?

Nighthawk.—Nothin' doin', sport. The fares we picks up are gen'ly so soused that they couldn't read no taximeter.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

#### EXCLUSIVE.

THE ACTRESS (proudly).-My Baron has an airship, an automobile, an equipage, and saddle horses. He only uses his legs to kick the servants with.

CONJURING THE MAY.

Mary dear, if I'm to sing you
Only measures warm and gay,
Close your eyes and let me bring you
Fancies of the longed-for May.
Look not out upon a sky
Where the clouds of winter lie,
Let no wandering glances go
Over fields of sleet and snow.
Close your eyes and we'll away
To the deep heart of the May,
Where, together, we shall ring
All the glad bells of the Spring.
You can't sound their merry chime with
January. January. Can you, Mary?

- Tit Bits.

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THE MAY.

So then, dear, if I'm to sing you
Carols of a brighter day,
Close your eyes and let me bring you
All the glamour of the May.
List! I whisper in your ear.
Tell me, Mary, what you hear.
"Just a lover's nonsense?" Hush!
"Tis the music of the thrush.
Whence comes this According air. Whence comes this Arcadian air,
Stirring in your fragrant hair?
Whence your pale cheek's pink eclipse?
"But the warm breath of my lips?"
Nay; the Maytime's breezes bloomy,
Conjured through this gray and gloomy
January. January, Fan, you Mary. - Standard and Times

AN ANXIOUS TIME.

Mr. Boughton, the English artist, while sketching in the Alps, was one day in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. He found at last the precise situation he was seeking, and best of all, there happened to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old woman in the foreground.

"I asked the old lady," said Mr. Boughton, "to remain seated until I had made a sketch of her. She assented, but in a few minutes asked me how long I should be. 'Only a quarter of an hour,' I answered, reassuringly.

"Three minutes or so later, she again asked me-this time with manifest

xiety—if I should be much longer.

"O, not long,' I answered. 'But why do you ask so anxiously?'

"O, it's nothing,' she sadly answered, 'only I'm sitting on an ant-hill.'"

STERNER MEASURES NECESSARY.

"Really," said Nervey, "I want you to be my wife. Come, now, don't 'No.'" "Mr. Nervey," replied the heiress, "I wouldn't think of saying

"No' to you—"

"Ah!" "It wouldn't have any effect on you, so I think the best thing I can do is to yell for the police."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Do you regard Bliggins as a man of great depth?"
"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "his conversation is hard to follow. But his is one of the natures that avoid seeming shallow by being opaque."— Washington Star.



JUST A FAD OF HIS.

DUC DE BEETE (here on a visit). - Zese American hotels are very infeerior to zose at home. Here I haf leestened at nine, ten, elefen doors and haf hairdt nothing but what was pairfectly innocent!

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters, Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.





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could gver attempt to describe its delights."

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EXOUISITE.

HE (looking through his glass) .-There's a glorious glacier which we shall soon reach.

SHE .- Oh, won't it make a lovely background to my blue frock! - Meggendorfer Blätter.

CURATE (inquiring his way). - Can you tell me if this road goes past the "Dun Cow?"

LOAFER.—Can't say for certain, guv'nor. It goes to it all right, but (confidentially) I've never got no further!—London Opinion.

"JAMES, as I passed the servants hall to-day I saw you kiss one of the maids."

"Yes, my Lady—when would that have been, my Lady?"
"About four o'clock."

"Oh, yes, my Lady—that would have been Jane, my Lady."-Punch.

WIFE .- Would it please you, dear, if I learned another language?

HUSBAND .- Yes, it would delight

me infinitely.

WIFE.—Well, which one shall I

HUSBAND. - The sign language. -Smart Set.



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MORE THAN FIG-

"Alas," sighed "Alas," sighed Weary Wiggles, gazing dejectedly upon his torn and tattered trousers, "I'm afraid these here pants is on their last legs!"

— Lippincott's Magazine.

A CERTAIN father who is fond of put-ting his boys thru natural history exam-inations is often sur-prised by their mental agility. He re-cently asked them to tell him, "What an-imal is satisfied with the least nourish-

ment."
"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."

— Youth's Companion.



People who try to stand prosperity are foolish. They should sit down and take it easy. — Chicago News.

SCOTT .- I suppose you are saving up something for a rainy day.

MOTT.—I try to,

but my wife mistakes every bargain sale for a shower. — Boston Transcript.

BUT what some people would like to know is whether the Agricultural Depart-ment's estimate of ment's estimate of eight million dollars eight million dollars worth of crops last year includes those that didn't grow from those free seeds that congressmen sent them.—Indianapolis News.



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#### THE PROPHECY TRIUMPHANT.

HIS AUNT BRIDGET .- Sure, 'tis the foine man yez are, Tirrince! I towld yer mother, when yez were but a wee bit of a babby, that if yez didn't grow up t' be prisidint, 'twould be somethin' nearly as gra-and!

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

#### CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES.

In an excellent editorial on the importance of conserving our natural resources, the Engineering News deplores the wasteful methods that have pre-With great force it attributes impoverishment of certain localities to the wasteful exhaustion of such of these resources as farms robbed of their virgin utility, forests swept away with the woodman's ruthless axe, and mineral deposits, oil wells and gas pockets wastefully emptied. All it says is true. But if its "object lessons of the poverty that inevitably follows the exhaustion of natural resources" be deplorable, what shall be said of the object lessons of the poverty that inevitably follows monopolization of natural resources? In order to conserve our natural resources so as to serve all our people, barriers must be erected as well against their monopolization as their exhaustion. It is gratifying to find President Roosevelt recognizing this necessity with exceptional distinctness in his special message of last week.— The Public.

MR. MEEK.—Did you trump my ace?

MRS. M.—Yes! What of it?

MR. M.—N-nothing, my dear. I'm glad it was you. If one ponents had done it, we'd have lost the trick.—Cleveland Leader. If one of our op-



LEADING TRAGIC MAN .- Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house.

STAGE MANAGER.—Yes, they knew you weren't really dead.—Tit-Bits.

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At all dealers. Solid gold and rolled plate.

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Young Man .- Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent.

OLD MAN .- I live next door to Miss Smith .- Town and Country.

"Your husband wor a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.

"He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemin cud handle him. - Tit-

PATIENT.—Are you sure, doctor, that this health food that you have recommended is nourishing?

DOCTOR.—Sure, why I know it. The man who introduced that health food not only lives, but supports a large family on it. - Stray Stories.



#### CONSIDERABLE SAIL AREA.

JACKIE (on his first trip to Holland), - Say, Matie, I should think they'd have to tack when the wind's agin' 'em.

HE.—Wonder why it is they always speak of the "blushing bride?"
SHE.—Nothing very remarkable about it, considering the kind of men most women marry.—Illustrated Bits.

"And the name is to be?" asked the snave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounces. "Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingstone Snooks."

"Dear me!" (turning to the sexton). "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."— Tit-Bits.

"I AM so happy," she said. "Ever since my engagement to Charlie the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic England,

"Lapland," suggested her little brother, who was doing his geography lesson.— Illustrated Bits.

CLARA.—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine.

KATE.—Indeed! What happened between you?

CLARA.—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.—Boston Transcript.

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St. Peter.—I can't let you in until I know something about you. NEW ARRIVAL.—I don't want to come in; I just wanted to ask you if you had any trouble with ticket speculators.—Town Topics.



De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of man virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological sepect said therefore demanded analysis.

Robust in imagination and fired with natural passion, his psychological curiosity kept him true to man nature, while at the same time his mental eye when fixed upon the most ordinary phases of man conduct, could see some new motive or aspect of things hitherto unnoticed by the careless crowd. His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the on thing in which soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote, gives a picture in words which haunts ammony like a strain of music.

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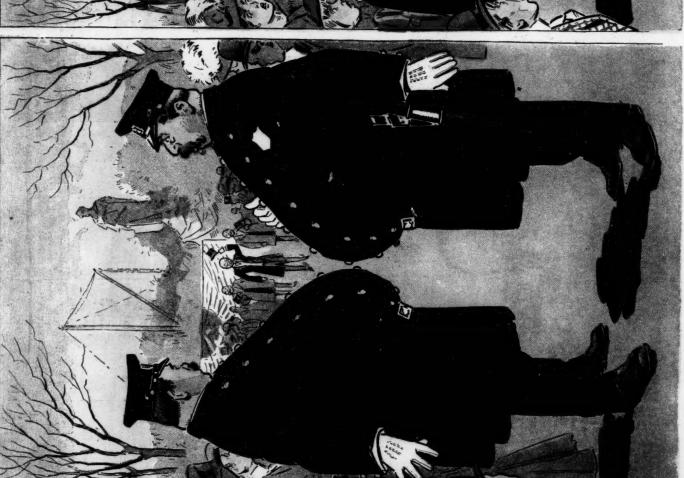
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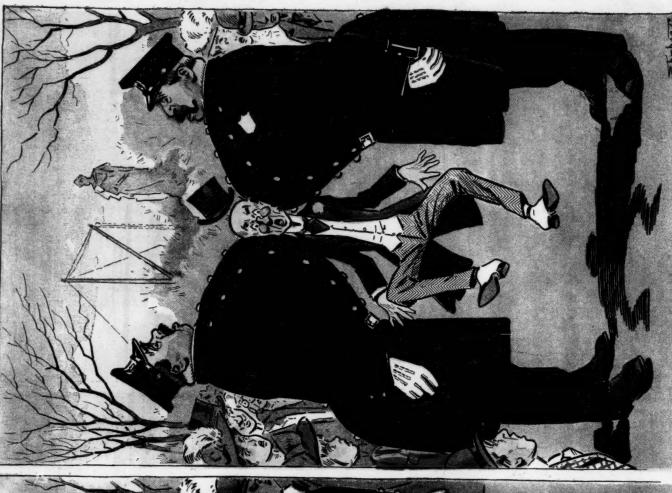
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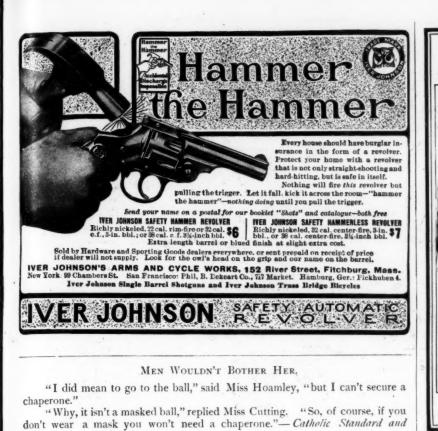
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Here comes His Honor!



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don Tim



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become something more than a mere patriotic belief.

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